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NEW YORK JOURNAL

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NEW YORK'S NOISE SOCIETY.
Princesses Who Have Eloped.
A WOMAN WHO SETS THE LAWS OF GRAVITY AT DEFIANCE.
The Yellow Kid's Latest Doings.
ALL IN THE SUNDAY JOURNAL

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VESSEL IN BITS; ALL ABOARD DROWNED.

Nahum Chapin on the Sands in a Gale and None Left to Tell the Story.

Nine Men Known to Be Lost and a Life-Saver Saw a Woman on the Wreck.

Capt. Arey's Body Washed Ashore Coated with Ice.

Not a soul left to tell the story. Not a

of the ancient Greeks. The head, is that of a Hercules, bearded to the eyes. The brow is blue from bruises made by the sand as the body rolled over and over on its way to the tide-line. The hands, as soft as a woman's, show him to be the man who commanded the ship, for even his mates would have the tell-tale tar marks that could not be hidden.

If there was a woman on board she was undoubtedly the ship's cook, for Captain

ing stretch of sand till they met the lone patrol from the life-station on the east or west. Each was armed with three red Coston lights—signals to any ship in distress that help was at hand.

Of the wrecked schooner it must be said it was the most complete ever known on the Long Island coast. The wreckage was

NINE KNOWN TO BE LOST.

Captain Arey and All His Crew Went Down with the Ill-Fated Schooner.

From Quogue, late last night, this list of the lost was sent out, though how it was obtained is not known. At last advices neither the log nor the ship's important papers had been washed ashore:

OFFICERS.

AREY, ERNEST L.—Captain and part owner, of Malden, Mass. Leaves a widow and three children.

DAVIS, A. E.—First mate, of Malden, Mass. Leaves a widow and one child.

MADDOCK, L. A.—Second mate, of Cambridge, Mass. Leaves a widow and one child.

CREW.

ANDERSON, OSCAR.

ANDERSON, H. O.

AUCYANISH, ANTONIO.

LOWE, ALBERT.

NEIBER, JOHN.

STRACHEN, VICTOR.

photographs—dozens of them—and from the lot it was easy to pick out two of the great, bearded captain. One had been taken with his wife standing beside him, a frail, sweet-faced little woman, who made a strange mate for such a gigantic sea dog of a man.

In slivers, extending along the beach for three-quarters of a mile. There were a thousand evidences that the ship had been stanchly built. Her timbers showed it. The pine was bright and new, and the oak was as heavy and knarly as it could be. No sham bolts here, but heavy inch-

CAPTAIN AND A WOMAN SEEN IN THE SHROUDS.



some of them two feet long, were drawn from the great oak timber.

There are wrecks along this coast fifty years old, where maidens go in Summer to fish. But before the Spring breaks again all

WEYLER WIPES OUT ANOTHER HOSPITAL

Spaniards Gain a "Victory" Over Wounded and Dying Men.

EVERY ONE IS BUTCHERED

Swift and Bloody Confirmation of Mr. Money's Statement to the Journal.

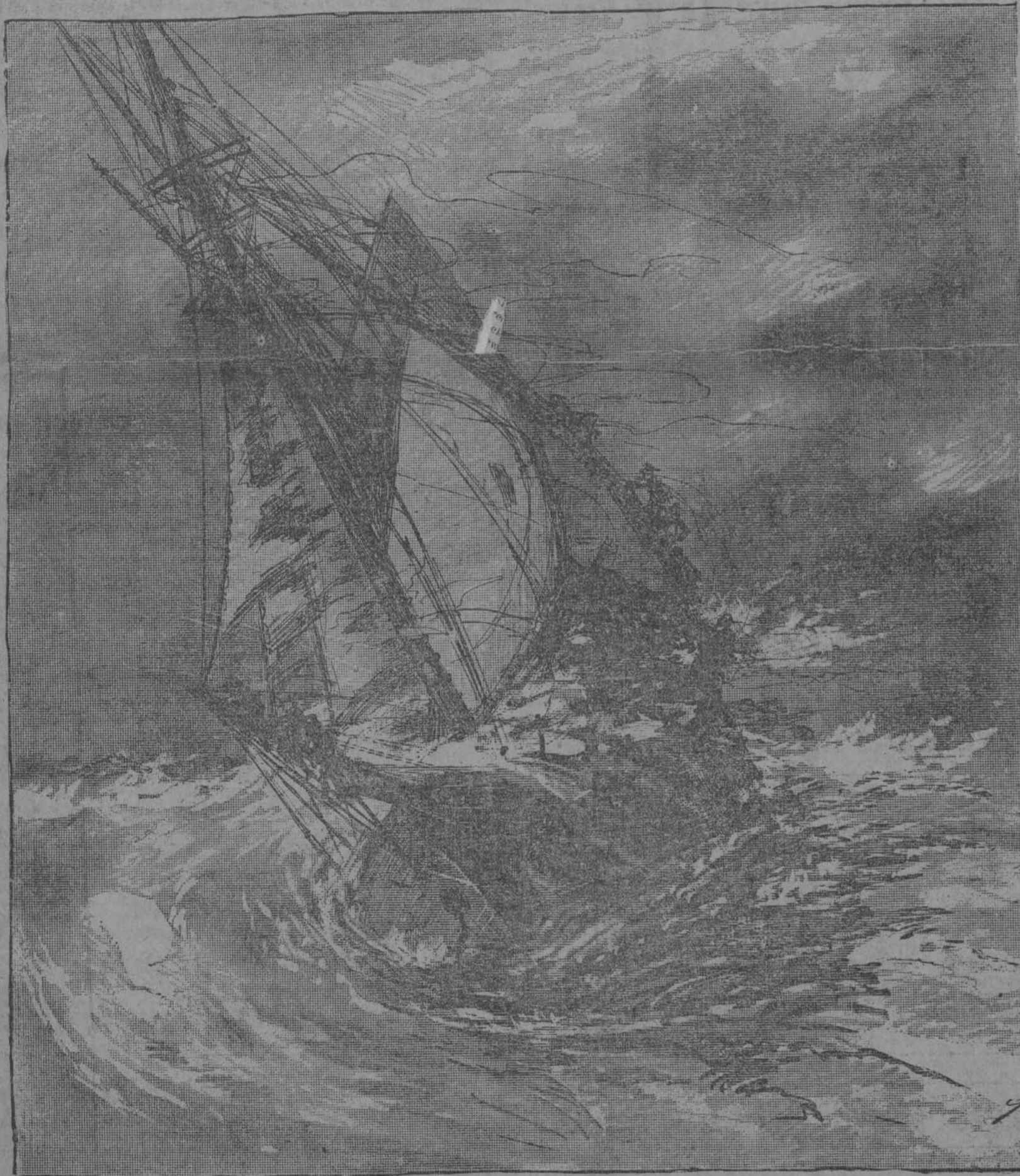
WOMEN NURSES ARE SLAIN

Doctor Shot While Holding Up a White Flag and the Red Cross Insignia.

HOSPITAL IS THEN BURNED

An American Among the Victims of the Butchers—He Waved the Stars and Stripes, Only Increasing Spaniards' Ferocity.

Continuing on Weyler's hospital methods, I might say that it is the invariable Spanish custom to destroy insurgent hospitals wherever they find



Moffitt
Quogue Jan 21

SCHOONER NAHUM CHAPIN ASHORE ON THE LONG ISLAND COAST IN A GALE.

signal nor a voice out of the howling hurricane to tell why, or how many. Seven, eight, nine or ten lives lost; no one knows. Maybe a woman, lashed to a stalwart seaman, went down among the boiling breakers. Possibly—but not probably—a child was lost. No one knows now—may never know. Such is, in brief, the scant history of the loss of the big schooner Nahum Chapin on the lee shore of Long Island, off Quogue, at daybreak yesterday.

One body, undoubtedly that of the captain, Ernest L. Arey, was washed ashore up to dusk last evening. Guards were still patrolling the beach, for others will come in, to the east or the west, on the booming breakers. This body is shaped like a wedge, broad at the chest, like an athlete

Arey's widow and four orphaned children are safe at their home in Tufts street, Malden, Mass. The wife had accompanied her husband on all his voyages up to a year ago. The captain was thirty-six years of age, was a native of Owl's Head, Me., and had followed the sea since he was eighteen years old. He had been first officer of the wrecked vessel for ten years.

His body lay on the sanded floor of the life-saving station all day. None dared to even search his pockets till the coroner gave the order, and up to nightfall he had not been heard from. The body was clothed in a dark blue flannel shirt, a rough service suit of blue cloth, and over all were heavy oilskins.

With the wreckage came ashore many

A Wild, Wild Night.

Of the weather it is sufficient to say it was one of the worst nights ever seen along the bleak Long Island coast, where the breakers mount high and come booming over the bar with a deafening roar. The wind was blowing on shore at a rate of sixty miles an hour, carrying with it clouds of clean, white sea-sand that cut the face like a knife, and ground on wind-down panes like emery paper. The wind whistled over the sanddunes, and the rain descended in torrents.

The whole coast was under patrol; for on such a night the life-savers have been taught by experience of the past to look for wrecks. Men marched along the ship-

wrought iron rivets two feet long, driven home with great ship-building hammers. Yet the sea had ripped the large schooner as though she had been a plaything. Heavy timbers were splintered as though they had been wrenched by dynamite. It was the most perfect example of the powerful might of old ocean one could wish to see.

Rough Seas Snapped Steel Shrouds.

The largest piece of the wreck was well inside the low-tide mark. It consisted of the afterpart of the ship, with the sides and bottom gone. It was tangled in ropes of abse and of steel, both cut through as easily as a child could snap a silken thread. The steel shrouds, an inch and a quarter through, were bitten off, and the spikes,

the remnants of this wreck will be burned in the kitchen stoves of the fishermen. There are parts of sides, parts of bottoms, parts of bow and parts of the stern, but not a whole piece of the ship is left.

Even the schooner's name is not complete. One piece—the cap of the main hatch—carries the register and the number carved with a chisel, as the law commands. This gives her net tonnage at 534.12.100; her gross tonnage at 590.82.100, and her number as 120,244.

Saw a Woman in the Rigging.

The story told by Will S. Terrell, of the Flana Life Saving Station, is not long, but it is filled with thrilling interest. He said last night: "I saw the schooner before she broke apart, when all the men were in the rigging. I saw six in the forward rigging.

Continued on Second Page.



Captain Ernest L. Arey and His Wife.

Scenz of the Wreck on Quogue Beach.